642. i. 6.
3

This Day is publiſhed, Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE COZENERS.

A COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS.

As it was performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket.

Alſo,

The DEVIL upon TWO STICKS.

A Comedy, of Three Acts.

As it was performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket.

Printed for John Wheble, Fleet-Street.

642.i.
3

THE

COZENERS,

A

COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS,

As it was Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WHEBLE, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXVIII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

PROLOGUE.

IN trifling works of fancy we aspire
That nothing trickles like a tear;
And lo, by way of turning you to laughter,
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter,
From our poetic font we pour a drop
A comic tale pick and lay to pantomime.
Dramatic writers were, like watchmen, meant
To knock down vice—few answer the intent;
Both should be quick to fire and force their game;
But both are sometimes blind, and sometimes lame:
Can thole-cry fraud, while they themselves are stealing?
Can thole catch thieves, while they themselves are
thieving?
When wanted most, we have been known to nap;
Are all our comic authors quite awake?
Or, what is worse, by which they still come nearer,
Are not you, more than we, in your own sphere?
In your old watchman's place and form?
On many a nice and comfy watch,
'Twas your fortune to perform.
Let me, like one who has been there,
And take the privilege to tell
Nor let your towns now torpid be,
To cry—"Past twelve!" and "All is well!"
But with your patience once again
We'll change the subject and the strain.
To chase a smuggling dog, or drive
We launch a cutter or the gig
With your assistance, we will make the tide
Sink or submit to—Cæsar! Neptune!
Ye pirate-critics, fall not foul on me;
If once I sink, I founder in the sea—
In this condition, can I swim to shore?
I'm cork'd, 'tis true, but then I want an oar.
Besides 'tis dangerous, I find, to sleep
One's self and ship in twelve fathom deep—
My bread I'd rather always scarce,
Than have to say—"Sir, your pardon!"
You oft have lav'd my little bark from sinking,
I am no fish, save me from water drinking.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

PROLOGUE.

IN trifling works of fancy wits agree,
That nothing tickles like a ſimile:
And ſo, by way of tuning you to laughter,
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter;
From our poetic ſtorehouſe, we produce
A couple, ſpick and ſpan for preſent uſe.
Dramatic writers were, like watchmen, meant
To knock down vice—few anſwer the intent;
Both ſhould be quick to ſee and ſeize their game;
But both are ſometimes blind, and ſometimes lame:
Can thoſe cry ſtand, while they themſelves are reeling?
Can thoſe catch thieves, while they themſelves are ſtealing?
When wanted moſt, the watch a nap will take—
Are all our comic authors quite awake?
Or, what is worſe, by which they ſtill come nearer,
Are not you more than half aſleep who hear 'em.
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my ſtand,
On many a vice and folly laid my hand.
'Twas you cry'd watch, I limp'd at your command.
Let me, like other watchmen, bleſs the times,
And take the privilege to nod betimes;
Nor let your frowns now force me on a fright
To cry—"Paſt ſeven o'clock, and a cloudy night."
But with your patience not to be too free,
We'll change the ſubject and the ſimile.
To chaſe a ſmuggling crew, who law deride,
We launch a cutter of three guns this tide:
With your aſſiſtance, we will make the foe
Sink, or ſubmit to---Captain Timbertoe.
Ye pirate critics, fall not foul on me,
If once I ſink, I founder in the ſea—
In this condition, can I ſwim to ſhore?
I'm cork'd, 'tis true, but then I want an oar.
Beſides 'tis dangerous, I find, to ſteep
One's ſelf and ſhip in brine twelve fathom deep --
My head I'd rather above water keep---
You oft have ſav'd my little bark from ſinking,
I am no fiſh, ſave me from water drinking.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. *Aircaſtle*,	Mr. *Foote*.
Mr. *O'Flanagan*,	Mr. *Palmer*.
Colonel *Gorget*,	Mr. *Moody*.
Flaw,	Mr. *Aickin*.
Tom,	Mr. *Davis*.
Moſes Manaſſes,	Mr. *Baddeley*.
Toby,	Mr. *Weſton*.
Roger,	Mr. *Burton*.
Mrs. *Fleece'em*,	Mrs. *Gardner*.
Mrs. *Aircaſtle*,	Mrs. *Williams*.
Mrs. *Simony*,	Miſs *Platt*.
Betſy Bloſſom,	Mrs. *Jewell*.
Mariamne,	Mrs. *Weſton*.

THE

COZENERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'm *and* Flaw.

Mrs. Fleece'm.

NOT a word more; you put me out of all patience.

Flaw. Well, but Madam Fleece'm, liſten I beg to a little reaſon.

Mrs. Flee. Reaſon! Had you the leaſt atom about you, you would reſt contented with our preſent agreement.

Flaw. But ſurely, Madam, a change of circumſtances.----

Mrs. Flee. Change! And pray, Mr. Flaw, how are mine chang'd for the better? Anſwer

me a few ſhort queſtions, and deny what I ſay if you can.—When I was compell'd by the cruel laws of this country to go into exile, for taking, by miſtake, a ſmall parcel of lace out of a ſhop in the Strand, did not I chooſe Boſton for my place of retirement?

Flaw. Granted.

Mrs. Flee. Did not I paſs there, by means of letters from Mynheer Van Smuggle of Rotterdam, for a perſon moſt honorably and nobly allied?

Flaw. For ought I know.

Mrs. Flee. Did not I receive a handſome preſent from that merchant for promoting the running Dutch teas, and rejecting thoſe imported from England?

Flaw. Like enough.

Mrs. Flee. Did not my burning the firſt pound of Souchong, and my ſpeeches at Fanevil-hall, and the Liberty Tree, againſt the colonies contributing to diſcharge a debt to which they owe their exiſtence, procure me the love and eſteem of the people.

Flaw. May be ſo.

Mrs. Flee. And what but your letters could induce me to return to a country where I had been treated ſo ill? But ſure you muſt have forgot your propoſals----here they are, and ſign'd by yourſelf----Let me ſee---Articles of agreement between Philip Flaw, of Thavies-Inn, in the City of London, on one part,

and

and Felicia Fleece'm, late of Boſton, but now of Pall-Mall----

Flaw. But what occaſion----

Mrs. Flee. Imprimis, That the ſaid Felicia do take a handſome houſe at the weſt end of the town, with ſuitable ſervants; for the furniſhing of which, the ſaid Flaw engages to procure her credit----

Flaw. And have not I?

Mrs. Flee. Secondly, That the ſaid Flaw ſhall circulate privately and publicly in Taverns, Coffee-houſes, Journals, Chronicles, Morning and Evening Poſts, and Courants, that the ſaid Felicia is a perſon of great addreſs and abilities, and that by means of many powerful connexions ſhe is able to procure poſts, places, preferments, of all conditions and ſizes; to raiſe caſh for the indigent, and procure good ſecurities for ſuch as are wealthy; ſuitable matches for people who want huſbands and wives; and divorces for thoſe who wiſh to get rid of them.

Flaw. And have not I performed every tittle? have not my expences in attending plays, operas, maſquerades, and pantheons, not to mention ſubſcription-money to moſt of the clubs and coteries, amounted to a moſt enormous----

Mrs. Flee. I am near at an end—That the ſaid Flaw, ſhall at all times adviſe the ſaid Felicia, how far ſhe may go without in-

curring the law; for all which he is to receive out of the neat profits 30 per cent. You ſee, Sir.—

Flaw. I do.

Mrs. Flee. And don't you think that a very ample proviſion?

Flaw. But conſider, Madam, I have ſacrific'd my whole time to your buſineſs, and I don't believe the law has procur'd me.---

Mrs. Flee. The law! What, a little private agency at the Old Baily; a wonderful ſacrifice! Fie, fie, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. You are the laſt perſon, Mrs. Fleece'm, that ſhould caſt ſuch a reflexion as that----unleſs I miſtake, my attendance there was pretty uſeful to you.

Mrs. Flee. To me!

Flaw. Without my ſkill and addreſs, your laſt voyage to America would have been chang'd to a much ſhorter trip.

Mrs. Flee. Sir!

Flaw. A tour to Tyburn in a tim whiſky and two, would have concluded your travels.

Mrs. Flee. Why, you impertinent, infamous, petty-fogging puppy; it was through your ignorance that I was obliged to travel at all

Flaw. Mine!

Mrs. Flee. Did not Alick Alibi, before your face, at Blackwall, in the tranſport, declare

clare that he never ſaw ſuch a bungling buſineſs, and that if he had been employ'd---

Flaw. Alibi!

Mrs. Flee. You know him, I fancy.

Flaw. Perfectly. As, Madam, you think him ſo wonderfully clever, you had better employ him; I am ready to reſign in his favour.

Mrs. Flee. That is ungenerous in you, Mr. Flaw, to inſult a gentleman under misfortunes. You know the clipping and filing affair compels him to keep a little private at preſent.

Flaw. Oh! then that is the reaſon I am conſulted. Sweet Madam, your ſervant. ----But, Madam, I muſt deſire you to find out ſome other agent; I declare off; you ſhalt not make a ſtop-gap of me.

Mrs. Flee. Sir!

Flaw. Our accounts are eaſily ſettled---Let me ſee; nine pounds ſeven ſhillings from the brewer's clerk, who is gone with your recommendatory letters to India.

Mrs. Flee. Seven pounds, if you pleaſe.

Flaw. The reſt paid out of my pocket to Kitt Copywell, for manufactoring the letters from the Directors.

Mrs. Flee. Very well; have you got the fellow aboard?

Flaw. Sailed the latter end of the week.

Mrs. Flee.

Mrs. Flee. Then there is the crimps money for procuring the Company an able recruit.

Flaw. Already deducted for promiſing to get Bob Blueſkin a reprieve at the----

Mrs. Flee. Theſe, Mr. Flaw, are but trifling affairs, they may be ſettled at ſome other time.

Flaw. I am ready, whenever you pleaſe; and ſo, Madam Fleece'm, I am your moſt humble and very----Oh! I had like to have forgot; if any thing ſhould happen, that I may not be blam'd *in futuro*, I would adviſe you to take care of yourſelf; I've heard Luke Lockup, the turnkey ſay, as you paſs'd by in a coach, that he had ſome notion of having ſeen you before, and wanted much to know where you lodg'd.

Mrs. Flee. Luke Lockup! Why how is it poſſible he could----

Flaw. I know nothing of that; foreſeeing, indeed, that ſuch a thing might poſſibly happen, I had provided a couple of people to prove that you were ſhipwrecked on the Weſtern Coaſt; ſo that tho' you were return'd before your time from your travels, it was none of your fault; but that is all over now. Mr. Alibi will, no doubt, take proper care.

Mrs. Flee. Nay, as to that, Mr. Flaw, there is no man living to whoſe care I would ſooner truſt myſelf than your own; but ſure, in this affair, we have been both of us rather

too

too quick. Let us coolly conſider---I am ſure I am the fartheſt in the world from---But come, let us know what are your farther demands.

Flaw. I ſcorn, Madam, to take any advantage; as our riſks and labours are equal, an equal partition, that is all.

Mrs. Flee. I conſent to the agreement.

Flaw. Very well, I will prepare a draft to lay before Council; which, when approved, you will ſign.

Mrs. Flee. Without ſcruple; that being ſettled, let us come a little to buſineſs. What new game have you ſprung?

Flaw. Plenty, plenty. The family I expected out of the country is come

Mrs. Flee. Father, mother, and the ſon. Have you ſeen them?

Flaw. I receiv'd their note but this inſtant; they have made a little miſtake, I believe, as to their lodgings.

Mrs. Flee. How ſo?

Flaw. I adviſ'd them at their coming to town, to ſtay at one of the hotels for a week or ten days; inſtead of that, they are got to a bagnio.

Mrs. Flee. A bagnio!

Flaw. At the ſign of the Lamb in Long-Acre.

Mrs. Flee. Nay, for aught I know, that place will beſt anſwer our purpoſe.

Flaw.

Flaw. I muſt ſtep directly to the Salopian Coffee-houſe, Enſign Gaters is to ſend you a hundred for obtaining him a ſtep in his corps. ----Here, I have brought you the complimentary cards to put over the chimney

Mrs. Flee. That's right---Let me ſee, the Duke of -----, Earl of -----, Viſcount -----. Ah, ah; very well. Have you prevail'd on the coachman you mention'd?

Flaw. He has promis'd to parade before your houſe, for an hour after his maſter is ſet down at the Cockpit; a couple of ſervants to wait at the door, as if the great man was above, will be right.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A note, Sir, from a perſon below.

Flaw. Let us ſee it-----*Mr. O'Flannagan's compliments to Mr. Flaw, and as he perhaps may not chooſe to be at home to him, being at another body's houſe, begs to know where he may ſee him this evening.*----A bagatelle, ſome trifling affair.

Mrs. Flee. You had therefore better diſpatch him at once. Show him up.

Flaw. He brought me a recommendatory letter this morning, but I was in a hurry, and deſired him to meet me here, about this time. Here he is.

Enter

Enter O'Flannagan.

O'Flan. Mr. Flaw, I am your moſt humble ſervant----Madam, I am yours, tho' unknown.

Flaw. Well, Mr. O'Flannagan, what are your commands with me?

O'Flan. Oh! Mr. Flaw, we will poſtpone that if you pleaſe; I hope I am a little better bred than to mention any thing of my private affairs before ladies: their little ears, ſweet creatures, ſhould be tickled with nothing but love.

Flaw. True, true; but here you may ſuſpend your politeneſs a little; for unleſs I am miſtaken it is to this lady's good offices you muſt be oblig'd in your preſent purſuit.

O'Flan. O! that indeed alters the caſe: why then, Madam, this is my buſineſs at once; you muſt underſtand I came over lately from Limerick; and though upon my ſoul, all the world are gone mad about running beyond ſea, in ſearch after, I think it is, emigrations they call them.

Mrs. Flee. I have heard, indeed, that there has been a prodigious deſertion.

O'Flan. Prodigious, upon my ſoul, Madam; in a hundred miles riding, I did not meet with a human creature, except ſheep and oxen, to tell me the road; and I ſhould

have loſt myſelf again and again, but for the mile ſtones that are ſo kind to anſwer your queſtions, without giving you the trouble to aſk them; and ſo being deſirous to follow my neighbours' example, I have, Madam, made bold to come over before them.

Flaw. Right. One would not like to be laſt in the chace.

O'Flan. True. Now, Madam, as ſome emigrations muſt be better than other ſome, I ſhould be glad to be recommended to one of the beſt.

Flaw. Why, that will be no very difficult matter. Let me ſee,---is the collector of the window-lights in Falkland's Iſlands diſpoſed of?

Mrs. Flee. I have not heard that it hath been given away; but, however, if it ſhould, the ſurveyorſhip of the woods there is vacant, I am ſure.

Flaw. Indeed!

O'Flan. And, pray Madam, is that a lucrative place, as to the profit?

Mrs. Flee. Beſides the ſalary, for perquiſites, you are to have all the loppings and toppings.

Flaw. Ay! upon my word, if that can be got, you will be a happy man, Mr. O'Flannagan.

O'Flan.

O'Flan. Without doubt, I ſhall be in very good luck. But pray, Madam, what was the name of the Falklands?

Mrs. Flee. Falkland's Iſland.

O'Flan. Iſland; true, true. But Mr. Flaw, is it a place one can go to by land; becauſe why, I am not over fond of the ſea, coming over t'other day from Donochedy it humbled, and jumbled, and rumbled me to ſuch a degree.

Mrs. Flee. Mr. Flaw.—

Flaw. I am afraid it will be difficult.

O'Flan. Why then, if it is equally the ſame, I ſhould be glad to have an emigration in ſome other parts.

Mrs. Flee. There was a thing that I got yeſterday for a relation of mine, that would have ſuited this gentleman.

O'Flan. Pray what might that be?

Mrs. Flee. A tide-waiter's place in the inland part of America.

O'Flan. Inland; that would juſt do to a T.

Flaw. Why you may eaſily provide in ſome other way for your couſin.

Mrs. Flee. That is true; but then, you know, he has put himſelf to ſome expence in fitting himſelf out for the ——.

Flaw. O, I dare ſay Mr. O'Flannagan will be glad to reimburſe him.

O'Flan. That I will, and give him a ſpill for his reſignation into the bargain.

Mrs. Flee. Well, Sir, if you will call here to-morrow, we will try to bring matters to bear----and---- [*O'Flannagan going.*]

Flaw. Harkee, a word in your ear; this will be a damn'd fine thing if you can get it; if you diſcharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing.

O'Flan Tar and feathers! and what the devil will I do with them, my dear?

Flaw. When properly mix'd, they make a genteel kind of a dreſs, which is ſometimes wore in that climate.

O'Flan. Oh! What I ſuppoſe a kind of linen, like that at Belfaſt, that the natives manufacture themſelves.

Flaw. True. And they will ſhew you the beſt manner to wear it; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and ſticks extremely cloſe to the ſkin.

O'Flan. Indeed! That is very convenient; why as this place ſeems to ſuit me ſo well, before I get the nomination, by way of binding the bargain, had not I better give ſome earneſt before hand?

Flaw. That will be making things ſure.

O'Flan. Here is a fifty pound note of Latouche's, payable at ſight in a fortnight.

Mrs. Flee. Vaſtly well, I ſhall take proper care on't.

O'Flan. I don't doubt it at all. Feathers that keep out the rain, they muſt be ducks to be ſure, becauſe they are us'd to the water.

Flaw. It will become you, I am ſure.

O'Flan. I cant help thinking, Mr. Flaw, when I have got on the dreſs, how like a gooſe I ſhall look. [*Exit.*

Flaw. Here, here is the note.

Mrs. Flee. This was lucky beyond expectation; if this goes on, in a little time we ſhall grow as rich as a keeper of one of the capital clubs. [*A rap at the door.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below wiſhes to ſee Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. What ſort of a perſon?

Serv. Vaſt finely dreſs'd, pleaſe your ——

Flaw. Oh! I know; ſhew him up. The Iſraelite I was telling you of.

Mrs. Flee. What, Mr. Moſes Manaſſes?

Flaw. The ſame.

Enter Moſes Manaſſes.

Walk in, Mr. Manaſſes. This, Sir, is the lady.

Moſes. I was never ſee a more finer vomans, ſince I vas born. Madam, I vas take de

de liberty to beg a your protection upon a littel affairs.

Mrs. Flee. Sir, any friend of Mr. Flaw's—

Moſes. I vas live in de City, but I have great ambition to reſide at de Court end of de town.

Mrs. Flee. City! I could not have conceived that a gentleman of your dreſs and addreſs, would ſubmit to live in the City.

Moſes. Madam, you vas exceeding polite, indeed: I always finds de ladies very partial to me, I vas have de honour to be choſe laſt veek maiſter of de ceremony to de Mile-End aſſembly, and Mrs. Alderman Inkle herſelf make always choice of me for de cotillions.

Mrs. Flee. I make not the leaſt doubt of your great ſucceſs with the ladies.

Moſes. Oh! Madam!

Flaw. Mr. Manaſſes, Madam, is modeſt. The City! his ſucceſs has not been confin'd to the City; many a heart-ach has he given to men of conſequence too, let me tell you, on this ſide the Bar.

Moſes. Oh! fie, fie, Maſter Flaw.

Flaw. What, don't I know; did not you occaſion the ſeparation between Mrs. Modiſh of Marybone and her huſband?

Moſes. Oh fie; a flam indeed, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Pooh! Beſides, was not you ſeen during all the laſt ſummer, lounging on horſe-back,

back, thro' all the lone lanes about Chelſea and Fulham, with young lady Harrowheart?

Moſes. All ſcandal, upon my honour.

Flaw. Zounds! Why have not I heard the young fellows at Betty's, when you have been paſſing by with Lady Kitty Carmine, in her new vis-a-vis, exclaim, Look, look, there is Moſes again; damn me, I can't conceive what the ladies can ſee in that pencil-ſelling mungrel Manaſſes; 'gad I fancy he catches women as people do quails, with his pipe.

Moſes. Dat is all ſpite, all malice, on honour.

Mrs. Flee. Pipe! what does he ſing?

Flaw. He! The voice of Squallache, with the taſte and manner of Mellico.

Moſes. [*Sings.*] Ven ſaw you my fader?
Ven ſaw you my moder?

Mrs. Flee. I ſee, I ſee; nay then I don't wonder.—

Flaw. Beſides all this, Maſter Moſes is an abſolute Proteus in every elegance, at the top of the tree.

Mrs. Flee. Indeed!

Flaw. From his preſent dreſs, you would think that all his days was ſpent in a drawing room.

Mrs. Flee. Without doubt.

Flaw. But were you to ſee him on the turf, at Newmarket, in his Tyburn-topp'd wig, tight boots, and a round hat, you would ſwear he had never handled any thing but a curry-

curry-comb ſince he was born. Why he has rid matches.

Mrs. Flee. Really.

Flaw. Many.

Moſes. No, Madam, but vone; on my vord; a match with Lord Billy Booty. I vas firſt hand in hand on a canter, my Lord came ſide by ſide, give me a littel bit of chalk vid de elbow, and pop me plump into de Ditch of de Devil, and de people all hollow.

Mrs. Flee. Brute! Very unlucky indeed. But pray, Mr. Manaſſes, how can I ſerve you, I ſhould be happy to ----

Moſes. Why, Madam, in von word, I ſhould be glad to be as well wid de gentleman as Mr. Flaw ſay I be wid de ladies; and if, by your aſſiſtance, I could get into de Boodles, de Almacks, or one of de clubs.---

Mrs. Flee. Bleſs me, is it poſſible, that you are not a member!

Moſes. I was often put up, but de always give me de black ball.

Mrs. Flee. Bleſs me! what can be the meaning of that?

Moſes. I don't know; perhaps my religion was de objection.

Mrs. Flee. I ſhould hardly think them ſo ſqueamiſh as that; the dice are, indeed, often called doctors; but by the large evacuation they cauſe, I ſhould rather think them graduates of phyſic, than of divinity. No,

no,

no, no, that can't be the caſe: let me ſee—perhaps you have had dealings with ſome of the club.

Moſes. Yes, I have de little annuity.

Mrs. Flee. Oh, Oh, ſo you have then been admitted into the Jeruſalem chamber?

Moſes. Yes, yes, very often.

Mrs. Flee. Oh, then the buſineſs is out; there then is the reaſon at once.

Moſes. How?

Mrs. Flee. Some of the parties, I ſuppoſe, ſlow in their payments?

Flaw. And there is nothing thoſe gentlemen dread ſo much as meeting a dun there.

Mrs. Flee. But I dare ſay, Mr. Manaſſes, at ſuch a place, would be above dropping a hint.

Moſes. Oh fie, Madam; upon no account.

Mrs. Flee. Very well; Why then I may venture to aſſure them as much.

Moſes. Sure, vidout doubt.

Flaw. But however, Madam, tho' ſome of the old dons ſhould be cruſty—

Mrs. Flee. To be ſure means might be uſed to get over that bar.

Flaw. Eaſy enough, I ſhould think.

Mrs Flee. Let us ſee—Stuffing the negative ſide of the box, that the blackballs can't deſcend.

Flaw. Or advancing, or retarding the clock.

—*Mrs. Flee.* True; but then the waiters ſhould be properly ſpoke to.

Flaw. Oh, I dare ſay Mr. Manaſſes does not mind upon ſuch an occaſion.

Moſes. Oh not at all, I am ready to part wid de money.

Flaw. I dare ſay; why, you conſider, that a ſeat there, as Mr. Manaſſes can manage—

Mrs. Flee. May turn out better for him, perhaps, than a borough.

Moſes. Den I may rely upon you, Madam.

Mrs. Flee. Give yourſelf no further trouble about it.

Moſes. I have de honour, Ma'am—[*going.*]

Mrs. Flee. But ſhould not Manaſſes make a depoſite?

Flaw. To be ſure, Mr. Manaſſes. Well, Sir, I wiſh you joy; what we are to have a lottery, I find?

Moſes. Dat is all fix'd, dere is no danger of dat. I think, Madam, dere is no finer ſight can be, den to ſee de lottery lanthorns hang up in de ſtreets, vid large red letters write on all ſides; it is ſo noble.

Mrs. Flee. An elegant ornament it muſt be confeſs'd to a capital city: beſides, if the paſſion for play cannot be ſuppreſs'd, all that human wiſdom can do, is, to turn private vices to the uſe of the public.

Moſes. True, true.

Flaw. I ſuppoſe you are an adventurer?

Moſes.

Moſes. Ay, ay; I have my ſhare, to be ſure.

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'm was ſaying that ſhe had ſome thoughts of trying her fortune.

Moſes. By all means; I wiſh her much luck.

Flaw. If you ſhould have any tickets about you.

Moſes. Perhaps de lady may have de fancy to de particular number.

Flaw. No, no; we are not ſuperſtitious as to the number, it is the numbers we wiſh to get at.

Moſes. Dere is, Madam, a couple de ſheets; would you give de draft on de banker? dey are, at preſent, muſh above par---Let me ſee---

Flaw. Oh, as to the price, we don't trouble our heads about that; we will ſettle that ſome other time; make a deduction, you know, for what Madam beſtows upon the waiters.

Moſes. True, true. Well, Madam, your moſt humble---you may tell de club dat I ſhall make de very good member; for now and den I love to play a little myſelf.

Mrs. Flee. You do?

Moſes. Yes; to ſet de caſtor at hazard, and hold de Pharoah-bank wid de cards.

Flaw. Be cautious, or you may meet with your match.

Moſes.

Moſes. Never fear. Ven I vas play, I always do keep myſelf up for de purpoſe, like de fighting cock, or de horſe.

Mrs. Flee. Very right, for intemperance upon ſuch an occaſion---

Moſes. It would be devil; as I eats ſo little, and drink nothing at all.

Flaw. No!

Moſes. No never: at cards de claret would turn all topſy turvy; no, no, I muſt take care not to drown Pharoah again in de Red Sea.

[*Exit.*

Flaw.
Mrs. Flee. } Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Flee. Oh----have you adverti ſed an honourable ſeat to be ſold?

Flaw. I never neglect buſineſs, you know; but the perpetuating this damned bribery act, has thrown a deviliſh rub in our way.

Mrs. Flee. New acts, like new brooms, make a little buſtle at firſt, but the dirt will return, never fear: what have no offers been made?

Flaw. A ſhort note from a broker, who hopped out of the Alley into a good eſtate in the North. By the firſt ſhips, I expect ſome good ſubjects from the ſiege of Tanjore.

Mrs. Flee. A ſure importation of candidates; they come in good time, for in ſuch a

country as this, what ſignifies caſh without conſequence?

Flaw. True; which in order to get, what they acquire by conqueſt, they expend in corruptions.

Mrs. Flee. Whilſt, perhaps, a borough pretty warmly conteſted, compels the unhappy hero to make a ſecond trip to the Eaſt. [*Knock at the door.*

Mrs Flee. Who can that be?

Flaw. Had not I better withdraw?

Mrs Flee. Firſt ſee who it is.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Simony, Madam, below in a chair.

Flaw. Shew her up, by all means.

Mrs. Flee. Simony!---

Flaw. The Doctor's lady, about the living, you know.

Mrs Flee. I remember; but I thought the Doctor himſelf a----

Flaw. A late miſtake has made him a little cautious at preſent.

Mrs. Flee. A burnt child dreads the---But pray what kind of a woman is---

Flaw. An abſolute goſſip; your ſhare in the ſcene will be ſhort; but let her run on, ſhe neither expects nor deſires a reply. Here ſhe is.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. Madam, I am your obedient and very devoted; Mr. Flaw, I am entirely yours. Ten thouſand pardons for waiting upon you in this diſhabille; but I ſtaid ſo late laſt night at Lurch'em's aſſembly, that I have had but juſt time to huddle on my things: and--nor have I now five minutes to ſpare; as I promiſed preciſely at twelve to call on Lady Frolick, to take a turn in Kenſington Gardens, to ſee both the Exhibitions, the Stained Glaſs, Dwarf Giant, and Cox's Muſeum. Mr. Flaw, I preſume, has mentioned our little affair; the Doctor would have waited on you himſelf, but men hum and ha, and are ſo round about, aukward and ſhy; now I am always for coming plump to the point. Beſides, women beſt underſtand one another, you know: but as I was ſaying, the Patron of the buſineſs in queſtion, is, as we underſtand, a near friend, and relation of yours.

Mrs. Flet. Madam, I ſhall be happy to---

Mrs. Sim. Your patience, Madam, for I have not a moment to ſpare. Now as it can't be ſuppos'd, that ſome people ſhould do favours for other people, with which people thoſe people are not acquainted, I am ready to advance; for the Doctor knows nothing about it; quite ignorant.

Mrs.

Mrs. Flee. How Madam! I underſtood---

Mrs. Sim. The Doctor! Not he, I aſſure you, Madam; entirely ignorant in every reſpect. Now if ſuch a favour can be obtained, I am ready to depoſite; as Mr. Flaw has doubtleſs informed you.

Mrs. Flee. Why---I can't ſay, Madam, but it is very handſome.

Mrs. Sim. Nay, Madam, the party will loſe no credit, by doing what is deſired; the Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more populous preacher within the ſound of Bow bell; I don't mean for the mobility only; thoſe every canting fellow can catch: the beſt people of faſhion are not aſhamed to follow the Doctor; not one, Madam, of the humdrum, drawling, long winded tribe; he never crams congregations, gives them more than they can carry away; not above ten or twelve minutes at moſt.

Mrs. Flee. Indeed!

Mrs. Sim. Even the Dowager Dutcheſs of Drowſy, was never known to nod at my Doctor's---and then he does not pore with his eyes cloſe to the book, like a clerk that reads the firſt leſſon, not he; but all extemporary, Madam. With a cambric handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other; and then he waves this way, and that way, and he curtſies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to

---But

-----But then his wig, Madam, I am ſure you muſt admire his dear wig; not with the buſhy brown buckles dangling and dragging, like a Newfoundland ſpaniel; but ſhort, rounded off at the ear, to ſhew his plump cherry cheeks, white as a curd, feather-topp'd, and the curls as cloſe as a colliflower.

Mrs. Flee. Why, really, Madam—

Mrs. Sim. Then my Doctor is none of your ſciſmatics, Madam; believes in the whole thirty-nine, and ſo he would if they were nine times as many.

Mrs. Flee. Very obedient.

Mrs. Sim. Obedient! as humble and meek as a curate; does duly his duties, never ſcruples to bury tho' it be but a tradeſman; unleſs he happens to be better engaged.

Mrs. Flee. Why, with all theſe great qualities, I ſhould think our ſucceſs muſt be certain.

Mrs. Sim. With your aſſiſtance, Madam, I have not the leaſt doubt in the world; ſo, Madam, begging your pardon for having intruded ſo long, I leave Mr. Flaw and you to confer on the ſubject. Not a ſtep I beſeech you; Lord bleſs me, I had like to have forgot; my memory, as the Doctor ſays, is ſo very tenacious it is not one time in twenty I can remember the text. Beſides all I have ſaid, my Doctor, Madam, poſſeſſes a pretty little poetical vein; I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

Mrs.

Mrs. Flee. Madam, you are very---

Mrs. Sim. Of which the Doctor deſires your opicion.

Mrs. Flee. Hymn! Then the Doctor ſings, I preſume.

Mrs. Sim. Not a better pipe at the play-houſe; he has been long notorious for that: then he is as chearful, and has ſuch a choice collection of ſongs; why he is conſtantly aſk'd at the great city feaſts: and does, I verily believe, more in-door chriſtenings than any three of the cloth. But this compoſition, Madam, is of a different kind; it is but ſhort: but if the party, your worthy friend and relation, ſhould happen to like the manner of writing, he has a much longer for his immediate peruſal. Madam, I am your obſequious and very devoted----Not a ſtep, my good Mr. Flaw; my chairmen are, you know, in waiting. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Flee. A hymn! what the deuce can the woman mean by a hymn? Let me ſee--- *I promiſe to pay to the bearer, one hundred pounds for the Governor and Company*---Ay, marry, this is coming plump to the buſineſs; no man can deny, Mr. Flaw, but theſe lines are ſterling; if the Doctor's proſe is as good as his poetry, I don't wonder he has ſo many admirers.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Bagnio.

Enter Flaw *followed by* Tom.

Flaw.

HAVE not you a family here, that came lately out of the country?

Tom. I ſuppoſe you mean, Sir, Mr. Aircaſtle.

Flaw. I do; is the gentleman within.—

Tom. In the back dinning room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Flaw. Will you let him know there is a perſon wiſhes to ſee him; if he wants to know my name---

Tom. I can tell him---

Flaw. Ay; why have we been ever acquainted.

Tom. What; have you forgot Tom, Maſter Flaw, at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery Lane.---

Flaw.

Flaw. I recollect; but I thought by this time you had ſet up for yourſelf; you ſeem'd in a very good way.

Tom. Pretty well, Maſter, for that part of the town; but Lord, Sir, the penurious pence of the lawyers won't do for us, who are the ſuperior Knights of the Napkin; after poring an hour over a ſix and eight-penny bill, here Tom, give us change, and mind, there is a groat for yourſelf; how was it poſſible to ſupport a girl and a gelding upon ſuch a two-penny tax---it could not be---

Flaw. That is true, indeed.

Tom. No, no. So dipping pretty deeply in debt, I got a friendly commiſſion of bankruptcy to diſcharge my old ſcores, and removed to this end of the town—

Flaw. Where you thrive without doubt.

Tom. To give you a ſample---It was but laſt night, Sir Ralph Riot mov'd, that every man in the club ſhould give the waiter two guineas apiece, juſt by way of ſurpriſing the raſcal.

Flaw. And it was carried.

Tom. Oh, nem con;---the members never flinch at a frolic.

Flaw. I wiſh you joy of your ſtation---But pray, by what accident came the family above to your houſe;---there muſt have been

ſome miſtake in the matter, for they are people of very good reputation---

Tom. I can't gueſs; only that the town is thin, and buſineſs begins to grow dead, we ſhould hardly have given them admittance; they are a ſtrange unaccountable tribe. Pray who the deuce are they?

Flaw. A reſpectable family from the County of Wilts, with a very good landed eſtate, I aſſure you.

Tom. On which I ſuppoſe the 'Squire condeſcends to kill his own meat; and Madam, his lady, to dreſs it; then it is one eternal wrangle between them, conducted in a language too, pretty near as coarſe as their carters.

Flaw. They have been bred in a ſtate of Nature, Tom.

Tom. The huſband, for once or twice, is entertaining enough; he ſets out to inform you in a moſt material point, as he thinks, which he forſakes in an inſtant to follow ſome other circumſtance, not material at all; this he ſoon quits for another, and ſoon another, if you will give him attention.---He puts me in mind of a pack of hounds in a hare warren; by eternally ſhifting the game, the purſuit never ends.

Flaw. You have him, Tom; Mr. Aircaſtle is, I own, very prolix and digreſſive.

Tom. Unleſs I am miſtaken, the ſon has an old acqnaintance here in the houſe.

Flaw. Ay!

Tom. Miſs Betſy Bloſſom, one of our ladies, who comes, I fancy, from their part of the world---She wiſhes to avoid the father and mother, but hints that ſhe has good reaſon to remember the ſon.---

Flaw. Perhaps ſo.

Tom. Madam, the mother too, who is ſtill a jolly briſk dame; ſeems determin'd to make the moſt of her time---

Flaw. How ſo?

Tom. She has diſpatch'd, this morning, a billet to Col. Gorget, an old maſter of mine.

Flaw. If they are at preſent alone, you will be ſo kind to announce me.---

Tom. Thoſe ſtairs leads to their door; there is no occaſion for a maſter of the ceremonies. (*Exit* Flaw.) Miſs, Miſs Betſy;

Enter Betſey.

Well; have you yet encountered your Corydon?

Betſy. No; I have carefully kept myſelf out of his way.

Tom. Then now throw yourſelf into it as ſoon as you can; for unleſs you prevent it, I can foreſee a deſign to diſpoſe of him in a very different manner.

Betſey

Betſey. In the interim, I could wiſh to have him all to myſelf; no danger of an interruption from the father and mother.

Tom. Watch then when they are out of the way; but remember you run no riſk in over-acting your part; treat him with a large diſh of daggers, death, and deſpair.

Betſy. Never fear; I know how to proportion my doſe.

Tom. Are you prepared with the two verſes I gave you?

Betſy. Yes, yes; and I warrant will thunder them with good effect in his ears.

Tom. Succeſs attend you my girl. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Room in the Bagnio.

Mr. and Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Air. Well, well, mark the end on't, this will turn out like all the reſt of your projects.

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Mr. Aircaſtle, will you never get over your grumblings; I thought I had convinc'd you before you left home, that London was the only ſpot for people to thrive in.

Air. Convince me! Did not I tell you what Parſon Prunello ſaid? I remember Mrs. Lightfoot was by; ſhe had been brought

to

to bed that day was a month of a very fine boy; a bad birth; for Doctor Seeton, who ſerved his time with Luke Lancet of Guiſes ---there was a talk about him and Nancy the daughter-----ſhe afterwards married Will Whitlove, another apprentice who had great expectations from an old uncle in the Grenades; but he left all to a diſtant relation, Kit Cable a Midſhipman, aboard the Torbay ---ſhe was loſt coming home in the Channel; the captain was taken up by a coaſter from Rye, loaded with cheeſe----

Mrs. Air. Mercy upon me, Mr. Aircaſtle, at what a rate you run on; what has all this to do with our coming to London?

Air. Why; I was going to tell you, but you will never have patience.

Mrs. Air. More than ever woman poſſeſſed. Wou'd you, I ſay, be contented now to ſpring, grow, and decay, in the ſame country ſpot, like a cabbage—

Air. Provided I left behind me ſome promiſing ſprouts.

Mrs. Air. What! have you no ambition, no ſoul! could you be eaſy to ſtand ſtock ſtill, whilſt your neighbours are advancing all round you:---Cottagers are become farmers, farmers are made juſtices; and folks that travelled bare-foot to London, roll down in their coaches and chariots; but ſtill we ſtick.---

Air.

Air. What then? for as Counſellor Crab ſaid at the aſſizes---he came down to plead for Ned Nickum, who won at Bath a large ſum of Lord Luckleſs; the principal witneſs was Chriſtopher Cogum, who was condemned to the pillory, but ſav'd by Phil Phang the attorney, who---

Mrs. Air. What matters what any body ſaid? but you are always flying from the---

Air. Why, what a pox wou'd the woman be at; have not I lopped off a handſome limb of my land to put your hopeful project in practice?

Mrs. Air. Well, and muſt not every body who ventures in the lottery of life, firſt pay for his ticket.

Air. I believe Toby will hardly thank me for going into the wheel.

Mrs. Air. No; I ſuppoſe he would rather ſtay at home and marry Bet Bloſſom; a pretty alliance he had like to have given us.

Air. But you know I drove the girl out of the pariſh.

Mrs. Air. Are there none of the ſame ſtamp left behind?

Air. Well, well; here we are; and what's to be done?

Mrs. Air. Our firſt buſineſs is to get Toby diſpoſed of; upon your head we will conſult

ſult Mr. Flaw; as to my affairs, leave me to myſelf---

Air. And as for Toby, the beſt method you think, will be---

Mrs. Air. To advertiſe the boy, to be ſure.

Air. Do ye think ſo?---I was once told by Tom Type, a printer of one of the papers---he was tried for a libel before Sir Philip Flog'em at the Old Bailey; two of the jury died that ſeſſions of the diſtemper---Doctor Drybones recommended vinegar by way of prevention; the Doctor wore the ſtrangeſt black wigs---they were made by Ben Block'em of Bow-ſtreet; I dined with him once, when he was church-warden, upon two baſtard children; we had a haunch of veniſon.

Mrs. Air. But what is all this to the purpoſe?

Air. I was going to tell you, if you would but liſten a bit---

Mrs. Air. What did Type ſay?

Air. That he never knew any good come of that kind of---

Mrs. Air. Then Type was a fool! Don't we ſee by the news that there is no other way of making matches in London.

Air. Well, well; you know beſt to be ſure.

Mrs. Air. Here the advertiſement is; I have penned it myſelf; call the boy in, and

obſerve, Mr. Aircaſtle, if he correſponds with the marks?

Air. Toby.

Enter Toby.

Lord, Mrs. Aircaſtle, how you have altered the boy; why his face is as long as a fiddle-ſtick! and then he has a bundle as big as a child at his back.

Mrs. Air. Pray, Mr. Aircaſtle, mind your own buſineſs, I beg; would you have him dreſſed like yourſelf, in a ſuit of clothes made thirty years ago, when you was ſheriff to the county? Toby ſtand forth—*Wanted for a young gentleman of an ancient family, and agreeable perſon*-----Toby, hold up your head.

Toby. I does, Mother, I does---

Air. It is impoſſible, my dear, the boy ſhould ever walk in that manner; why, he will run againſt every body he meets---do you think, Toby, you can ſtep without ſtumbling?

Toby. Not in the ſtreets; but croſs a room pretty well I believe.

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, have you no idea of grace? Shoulders back Toby, and cheſt a little more out.

Air.

Air. Now child, look at his elbows; you have pinioned him down like a pickpocket.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Mr. Aircaſtle, grace.

Air. And his breaſt bone ſticks out like a turkey's.

Enter Tom *and* Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Good folks, you are welcome to London.

Air. Ay; here we are, Mr. Flaw, here is Toby too.

Toby. Yes, here I am, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Bleſs me, what a change; I ſhould ſcarce have known him.

Toby. Yes; I ſuppoſe I am pretty much altered by being garniſhed with grace.

Air. Ay; a grace, that I believe will tempt nobody to taſte of the diſh.

Mrs. Air. Never mind him, Mr. Flaw, he is a deſponding creature you know; but as a proof that we have not been idle, here is the firſt fruits of my labour.

Flaw. What is it?

Mrs. Air. An advertiſement to procure a partner for Toby.

Flaw. A partner!

Mrs. Air. Ay; a wife, with a ſuitable fortune.

Flaw. I hope it is not ſent to the papers.

Toby. What, the notice where I am to be ſeen? Here it is in my hand.

Mrs. Air. Give it me; and go you out, and wait till you are wanted; and don't liſten, do you hear; and Toby, be mindful of grace; and do you hear, don't laugh; you may grin, indeed, to ſhew your teeth and your manners. [*Exit* Toby.

Flaw. Bleſs me, Madam! how could ſuch a thought—

Mrs. Air. Don't we every day ſee ſuch things in the news?

Flaw. Ay; from an old maid in deſpair, a broken milliner, or a tottering tobacconiſt.

Air. I told her ſo, Mr. Flaw; zounds, ſays I, you treat the boy as if he was a white bear, or an oſtrich—tho' it is quite a miſtake, Mr. Flaw, that thoſe creatures eat iron; I ſaw one once at the Chequer at Saliſbury—the keeper had but one hand, he loſt it at an engagement up the Mediterranean with a French ſhip, called the Soleil; ſhe was fitted out as a privateer by ſome merchants.

Mrs. Air. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a m n!

Air. And zounds, why muſt not I ſpe?k; ---ſhe likes to liſten to no ſounds but her own; but I will be heard, and---

Mrs.

Mrs. Air. And ſo you ſhall, when you talk to the purpoſe.

Air. Purpoſe, Madam! Damn it, I would have you to know---

Flaw. Oh fie, fie, good people, curb your cholers a little; conſider you are not now in the country.

Air. Well, well, I am calm.

Flaw. Then to return to our buſineſs; beſides, my good Madam, I had provided a match that would have compleated all your matters at once.

Mrs. Air. How?

Flaw. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, lately arrived with her niece from the Indies

Mrs. Air. And rich?

Flaw. Enough to purchaſe the ſceptre of Poland---

Air. How!---

Flaw. Ay; even before his very good neighbours had brought that monarch's kingdom down to a manor.

Air. And, pray, as to the party---

Flaw. Fleece'm is the name of the aunt; not much indebted to fortune; but whoever is happy enough to marry the niece, won't ſcruple, I dare ſay, to procure her a proper proviſion.

Mrs. Air. The moſt reaſonable thing in the world.

Flaw.

Flaw. I ventured to promiſe as much.

Mrs. Air. You have then hinted the buſineſs.

Flaw. As good as concluded----As marriage-bonds are illegal, it will be right to make a depoſite before the ſolemnization.

Mrs. Air. To be ſure. Now, Mr. Aircaſtle, I hope I was right; foreſeeing a little caſh might promote our deſigns, I got him to ſell Sycamore Farm, and we have brought the money to town.

Flaw. How much might the—

Mrs. Air. Five thouſand.

Flaw. But with a few diamonds, for which I will get you credit—

Mrs. Air. By all means; when ſhould we wait on the young lady?

Flaw. This very morning, we cannot be too quick; ſome of the young blades about town begin to have an inkling, I fear; I obſerve them throw their eyes up to the windows.

Mrs. Air. Without doubt. Mr. Aircaſtle, you will go out to the ſhops, and provide Toby with a new Beckford hat, and a cutter la chaſſe.

Flaw. And purchaſe, at the ſame time, a preſent for the young lady.

Mrs. Air. The firſt time?

Flaw.

Flaw. Always the rule in the Eaſt, you never approach a ſuperior without a ſuitable preſent.

Mrs. Air. No!

Air. No; why, fool, that is the way the Nabobs have got all their wealth; I knew one of them once, and if he had not been ſo rich, really a good ſort of a --- he was inoculated for the ſmall pox by one of the Suttons at the great houſe by Hyde Park --- the builder of it got into the Bench, and was afterwards cleared by an act of inſolvency; tho' Tom Jenkins, one of his creditors---

Mrs. Air. You ſee! Lord bleſs me now, Mr. Aircaſtle, how can you---when we have not a moment to loſe---go, go out with the boy, I beſeech you.

Air. Well, well, well. [*Going.*]

Flaw. I will run before, and prepare Mrs. Fleece'm.

Mrs. Air. By all manner of means.

Air. Pray is not the toyſhop at the end of the ſtreet, kept by the ſon of ---- I remember I met the father once at Newmarket; he was in a one horſe chaiſe made by Varniſh here in Long-Acre, who built a ſtate coach for the Empreſs of Ruſſia---he was recommended by Lord----I can't think of his name---- who was choſen one of the Sixteen for the kingdom of ----

Mrs. Air.

Mrs. Air. Take him with you, dear Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Come, Sir, I will ſhew you the ſhop. [*Exit Air.* and *Flaw.*

Mrs. Air. So, having provided for Toby, I am at leiſure to attend to my own private concerns: who's there? [*Enter* Maid.] Bid a waiter come up. [*Exit* Maid.] If Colonel Gorget anſwers my letter in the way I expect, it will prove a pretty good beginning; the Colonel, I make no doubt, knows the ways of the world, and will ſoon take the hint; he was vaſtly ſtruck with me during the races, and I don't ſee why I have not as good a right to profit by my perſon, as I am told ſome ladies do who live in this—[*Enter* Waiter.] Well, Sir, what return to my letter?

Wait. The Colonel, Madam, will obey your commands.

Mrs. Air. Very well; when he comes, ſhew him into the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Another Room in the Bagnio.

Enter Colonel Gorget, *reading a Letter.*

Gorg. Bravo, bravo, my ſweet country acquaintance; this is a rendezvous with a witneſs—Let me ſee, hum, hum,—unexpectedly brought by buſineſs to town—no time to make a proper proviſion—accommodate

me

me with five hundred guineas. Accommodate---an apt phraſe, and a pretty ſum too; but how the deuce could the woman ſuppoſe that I was able to advance ſuch a ſum? Hum, hum,---not prove ungrateful---Elizabeth--Oh, oh, now I begin to conceive---ſtay; who have we here? Zooks, the huſband himſelf.

Enter Mr. Aircaſtle.

Air. What! Colonel Gorget---

Col. Mr. Aircaſtle, I am happy to ſee you; but what important buſineſs can have brought you to London.

Air. Some family affairs, and to lay out a pretty large ſum which I lately got for a parcel of land. But is this viſit intended to me?

Col. No; I was quite a ſtranger to your being in town; a lady in the houſe, that I lately knew in the country---

Air. What, from our part of the world?

Col. No, no; but a deviliſh fine woman---Laſt ſummer, ſome little gallantries paſſed between us below---

Air. Ay, ay; you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country---I remember Enſign Laſh, about ten years ago; his father came from Barbadoes; I met him at Treacle's, the great ſugar-baker's, who had a houſe in St. Mary Ax; he took the

leaſe from Alderman Gingum, who ſerved Sheriff with Deputy ----- There was tight work on the huſtings.

Col. Oh, the Devil! he runs on at the old rate---[*aſide.*] But we forgot the Lady.

Air. Oh, ay---gallantry with her below, which I ſuppoſe you have finiſhed above.

Col. No, faith; not intirely my friend, but I think we are in a fair way.

Air. Ay.

Col. The garriſon has offered to ſurrender.

Air. Then what prevented you from taking poſſeſſion.

Col. The governor, as uſual, inſiſts on a bribe, which it was not in my power to pay; I was juſt ſtepping home to provide the credentials; but, however, this lucky meeting will, I flatter myſelf, put an end to my journey.

Air. As how?

Col. If you will ſupply me with the ſum till evening, I ſhall cloſe the bargain without quitting the houſe.

Air. How much?

Col. Five hundred guineas.

Air. Five hundred guineas! what a cormorant the woman muſt be.

Col. Not at all; when her huſband is rich, and ſhe is above accepting a trifle.

Air. Now, I ſhould have thought that would have made her more reaſonable.

Col.

Col. Quite the reverſe; why, did you ever know a wealthy courtier accept of a moderate penſion?

Air. That, indeed---but are you really ſerious?

Col. So ſerious, that if you will lend me the money---

Air. Nay, but Colonel, that is---

Col. Nay, but if you heſitate---

Air. No, it is not that; the money is quite at your ſervice, but you will repent, and then reproach me---what, five hundred! there can be no woman worth it.

Col. You would alter your tone if you ſaw her.

Air. Should I? prithee tell me her name, perhaps I may know---

Col. I durſt not; you know my honour is concerned.

Air. Honour! with ſuch a woman as that.

Col. She is very well known.

Air. And ought to be better.

Col. But I waſte time, and may looſe the critical minute---will you ſupply me, or muſt I---

Air. With the greateſt pleaſure in life---here is in this bag the very ſum, which I have juſt received for a draft in the city.

Col. Ten thouſand thanks, my dear Mr.---

Air. I can't ſay tho' but I am ſorry---

Col.

Col. Oh, it is not impoſſible but I may come off at an eaſier rate---with ſuch a capital in hand one may haggle you know.

Air. True, true; I'd endeavour to get her for nothing; chouſe her, chouſe her, do Colonel; if indeed ſhe had aſked for a ring with a poeſy, or any ſuch trifle as that---but ſuch a monſtrous demand. I would give ſomething to ſee her.

Col. Why it is my opinion you know who ſhe is.

Air. Really.

Col. Now if it ſhould turn out that you had been happy with the lady yourſelf, would not that greatly ſurpriſe you?

Air. Me! ha, ha; the deuce a bit: tho' when I come firſt to the Temple, there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality Court---next door, I recollect, to Ralph Rentroll---receiver for ſome large eſtates in the North---his laſt lady was daughter to Sims the dry ſalter---who was the firſt bankrupt after the ſtatute---his principal creditor was---

Col. Oh, the Devil! But conſider time paſſes, I muſt away to the lady.

Air. True, true; and I to the ſhops with my boy, and happy with the ha, ha, ha---However, if that be the caſe, Colonel, it is a ſtronger reaſon for cloſing your purſe ſtrings; for the Devil take me if I ever knew a woman who was deſerving a tythe of that ſum

in

in my life; unleſs, indeed, a Greek girl they called Circaſſian: I ſaw her at Tunbridge, where, by the by, they have the walk made of pantiles. [*Exit.* Mr. Air.

Col. This is lucky beyond expectation; what a civiliſed huſband to ſupply me with the very money I wanted. [*Enter* Tom.] Is the lady at leiſure?

Tom. She knows her huſband is gone out, and will be with you this inſtant.

Col. Very well; take care, and watch his return.

Tom. Here ſhe is. [*Exit* Tom.

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. What, you are come, my dear Colonel? I have waited for you with the utmoſt impatience.

Col. And I, Madam, have flown to obey your commands.

Mrs. Air. No more of that Colonel, I beg. I bluſh to conſider---

Col. Bluſh! and why ſo, Madam?

Mrs. Air. At what you muſt think of my letter---but the high ſenſe I entertain of your friendſhip, induced me in ſuch an exigence to make trial.

Col. And the wiſeſt ſtep you could take.

Mrs. Air. Pardon me, Sir, I am not to learn how dangerous it is to have an obligation to you.

Col.

Col. And why ſo? Can there be any thing more natural than to deſire the aſſiſtance of the perſons who love us---of my attachment you have no reaſon to doubt.

Mrs. Air. That, Sir, is the very ſource of my ſorrow; and has determined me to ſupport every evil; nay, to apply even to Mr. Aircaſtle himſelf, rather than---

Col. How, Madam! then it is plain, I have loſt your eſteem. Fool that I was to be lulled by the bewitching lines of your letter---I thought that I had detected Love, that ſly lurcher, lurking under the maſk of confidential---but now I unfortunately find how far I am from your favour.

Mrs. Air. Cruel, unjuſt Colonel Gorget.

Col. Ha! am I unjuſt; you revive me! you reſtore me to---but baniſh every thought of an obligation to any but me---I ſhould be jealous if---

Mrs. Air. But really, Colonel, the ſum is---

Col. Of no importance at all---a mere trifle--juſt nothing---I ſhall not feel it, believe me.

Mrs. Air. How can I be too grateful for ſuch generous proof of your friendſhip. Sure you was born to---[*Enter* Toby.] What the deuce has brought that booby back. [*Aſide.*

Toby. Father deſires you would call in your way, and take him up at the ſword cutler's.

Col.

Col. How, the young cub! This is lucky beyond expectation—here, Madam, are the five hundred guineas, which you will be kind enough to pay, with my thanks, to Mr. Aircastle your husband.

Mrs. Air. Finely taken and turned—what infinite wit and contrivance [*aside.*] But would it not be right, Colonel, just to sign a receipt.

Col. Unnecessary, Madam; but just as you please.

—*Mrs. Air.* There is pen and ink in the room over head.

Col. Give me leave to conduct you.

[*Exeunt.*

Toby. I don't understand what father and mother's about. Here am I dizoned, and skewered, and graced, just like a young colt that is a breaking; nay, they were going to advertise me too, as if I was really a horse; but lawyer Flaw has made them alter their mind, and I am to be disposed of by private contract, I think; I can't say that I am over fond of their ways---Oh poor Betsey Blossom! Let them match me to whoever they will, I shall never love any like thee; I believe I should have put an end to their project, if I could but have found—hey! who is this? mercy on me, sure it must be her ghost! and yet that can't be, because ghosts, they say, never comes but at night. Betsey.

Enter

Enter Betſey Bloſſom.

Bloſſ. Maſter Toby.

Toby. But is it poſſible, can it be you?

Bloſſ. As you ſee.

Toby. Well, and how? Lord I have a thouſand queſtions to aſk you---Where haſt been, how doſt do, how comeſt here; why you are vaſt fine, Betſey, all of a ſudden; you be not married?

Bloſſ. Married; no, no; you have put that out of my power you know---

Toby. Me! how ſo, Mrs. Betſey?

Bloſſ. Is that a queſtion now to be aſked; have you ſo ſoon forgot what has happened between us?

Toby. No, no; I remember ſome part, pretty well, I believe; but you cannot come for to go to ſay, that we ever went to church together, in that there way you mean.

Bloſſ. That ceremony, Mr. Toby, you know well was all that was wanting—

Toby. Beſides, it could not be, Mrs. Betſey, becauſe why, as father ſays, ſince the parliament houſe interfered, it is againſt the law to marry for love.

Bloſſ. How! What are all your vows, oaths, promiſes forgot; does not this ſixpence, broken between us, when we laſt met in the grove, ſtare you full in the face?

Toby. Yes; I have the other half in my pocket.

Bloſſ. Does not your conſcience, Mr. Toby, upbraid you? But men are all traitors alike, their whole ſtudy is to delude poor innocent maids. Oh! why did I truſt that fair face and flattering tongue, and not ſuſpect the wily ſerpent that was lurking beneath.

Toby. Nay, Betſy——

Bloſſ. But my prayers are granted; however, my only wiſh was to ſee you once more---

Toby. My ſweet dear little Betſy---

Bloſſ. Once more to ſurvey that ſweet form---the buſineſs of life is now over---eyes take your laſt look---open thou cold earth to receive me.

Toby. Lord of mercy! if you don't frighten me out of my wits.

Bloſſ. To thy dreary manſion I come—there my ſorrows will ceaſe, and my ſhame, and name be forgot by the unpitying---Oh!---[*faints*]

Toby. Stop, Stop, deareſt Betſy, and take me along with you---Murder, fire, water! what, will nobody come to aſſiſt her?

Enter Tom.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir! what can be the matter?

Toby. Why, here is a poor young creature at her laſt gaſp---clap her hand, and bend her forward a bit.

Tom. Miſs Betſy----mercy on us! how came this about?---It is only a fit—ſhe revives, her eyes begin to open a little.

Bloſſ. Where am I?

Toby. In the fore-room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir! what can be the occaſion of this?

Toby. Why it is a young woman that is breaking her heart.

Tom. Her heart! and for what?

Toby. Why, for love of me, to be ſure.

Tom. And can you be ſuch a barbarian? why you muſt have the heart of a tyger, to ſtand unſhocked at ſuch a horrible ſcene.

Toby. Nay, I have been ſhocked enough, if that is all.

Tom. Then why don't you remove her diſtreſs.

Toby. Why, ſhe wants me to marry her.

Tom. And is that all ſhe aſks; and can you heſitate for ſuch a trifle as that?

Toby. Why, how can I, when father and mother have promiſed me to an Indian woman, as rich as a Jew, from beyond ſea?

Bloſſ. How! and have I a rival? perjured monſter; but think not my death ſhall finally cloſe our account; my ſhade, like

Margaret's

Margaret's grimly ghoſt, ſhall purſue thee; haunt thee in dreams at midnight, ſhake thy curtains round thy guilty head, holloa in in thy ear.

Bethink thee, Toby, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden's vow,
And give me back my troth.

Toby. Take it with you, Mrs. Betſy, when ever you pleaſe.

Bloſſ. [*Sings*]

For this I'll haunt thy midnight dreams,
And hover round thy bed;
Thy ears I'll fill with horrid ſcreams,
Nor leave thee till thou art dead.

Toby. Why you won't go to be ſo cruel, I hope; what is there no amends to be made?---

Tom. So, Sir; you ſee, dead or alive ſhe is determined to plague you.

Toby. Yes, yes; I ſee well enough---Lord! who could have thought it?---ſhe is mightily changed ſince her coming to London.

Tom. This town is apt to open the mind.

Toby. Is it? I hope it will ſhut again, though, when ſhe gets into the country. But pray, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, by what chance did Betſy come here?

Tom. My miſtreſs took her out of compaſſion; it is wonderful how charitable a lady ſhe is; why, we have five or ſix more young women here in the ſame ſituation.

Toby. Indeed! ſhe muſt be the moſt goodeſt woman on earth; well if ſhe don't go to heaven, what chance has ſuch a poor creature as I.

Tom. None at all, unleſs you repair the wrongs ſhe has ſuffered.

Toby. But if I was minded to comply with her wiſh, I don't ſee how I can bring it about?

Tom. You are one and twenty, no doubt?

Toby. Theſe three years and above.

Tom. And Miſs.

Toby. Within a twelvemonth of me.

Tom. Oh, then I will manage matters I warrant---where are you going?

Toby. To call on father, at a ſhop near the old blackman a horſeback; the wind has blown his hat from his head.

Tom. Very well; give them the ſlip as ſoon as you can; run back here, you will find us.----

Bloſſ. What is he a-going---Oh!---

Toby. Nay, Betſy, be quiet; ben't I ready to do all that you want? If you faint any more, I wiſh I may die if I'll have you.

Bloſſ. Won't you.

Toby. No.

Tom. Courage, Miſs, keep up your---

Toby. Right Mr.---or---if ſhe muſt faint, can't ſhe wait a little till I get out of the the houſe. [*Exit* Toby.

Tom.

Tom. He is off; finely managed---do not ſtir from hence---I will run to the Commons, and be back again in a---one kiſs as a reward for the part I have---

Enter Toby.

Toby. I forgot to aſk, Sir, where I ſhould---

Tom. Run, here Sir, ſhe is fainting again---

Toby. Is ſhe? then call ſomebody elſe, for I will make the beſt of my way---[*Exit.*

Tom. } Ha, ha, ha---- [*Exeunt*
Bleſſ. }

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Fleece'em *and* Flaw.

Flaw.

THEY will all be here immediately, ſo take care we are not interrupted.

Mrs. Flee. As they are ſo exceedingly credulous, the buſineſs will ſoon be diſpatched.

Flaw. In a trice; I have ſtipulated that your proviſion ſhall be ſecured before the ſolemnization.

Mrs. Flee. Right, right; perfectly right.

Flaw. But have you properly prepared the girl for the purpoſe?

Mrs. Flee. Her part will be eaſy.

Flaw. True; but ſhe ſhould be adroit; as events may ariſe, that will require ſome little ſkill: who the deuce have you got?

Mrs. Flee. Why, I conſidered that as a very tickliſh point; it would be dangerous to truſt, and difficult to find in this town a ſuitable object: don't you think that the black girl I brought with me from Boſton—

Flaw.

Flaw. The negro; zounds! her complexion will betray her at once.

Mrs. Flee. I have thought of an expedient to ſecure us from that.

Flaw. It is true, theſe people have no great penetration; but what we do---

Mrs. Flee. Muſt quickly be done: I will juſt ſpeak to the girl. [*Calls.*] Marianne.

Enter Black.

Mar. What you want Miſſy?

Mrs. Flee. Go in and throw yourſelf on the bed; and, do you hear, let the window be ſhut, and the curtains drawn exceedingly cloſe.

Mar. Yes, Miſſy.

Mrs. Flee. And whoever ſpeaks to you, don't you chatter and talk, but ſigh now and then, as if you was ſick---You will be only aſked a queſtion or two; as, if you are ill, or are better; to which you need ſay nothing but yes.

Mar. Nothing but is. I take care, Miſſy, never you fear.

Mrs. Flee. And, Marianne---no candle.

Mar. No, no, Miſſy. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Flee. Oh, ſhe will anſwer our purpoſe I warrant---beſides, unleſs they are very preſſing to ſee her, there will be no occaſion to produce her at all.

Flaw.

Flaw. But I beg your pardon, there will: by my directions, the ſon is provided with preſents, with a view to propitiate his Venus.

Mrs. Flee. [*rap at the door.*] There they are Mr. Flaw, you will receive 'em; it will be right for me to retire, to ſee if all things within are in order. [*Exit* Fleece'em.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Aircaſtle, Mrs. Aircaſtle, Flaw, *and* Toby.

Air. I tell you the boy is an abſolute ſight, and I ſhould not wonder if the young lady was to---

Mrs. Air. You wonder! and pray who made you a judge of the proper---

Flaw. Huſh, huſh, for heaven's ſake huſh; conſider where you are?

Air. She is at her old tricks, Mr. Flaw, there is no---

Flaw. A key lower, good Sir, if you pleaſe. You will frighten the family.

Air. By her good will I ſhould never open my mouth, but to eat.

Mrs. Air. I know little elſe it is good for.

Flaw. Nay, Madam; now you are as faulty as he---only think what a ſtrange impreſſion this will make on the ladies within---I beg you will ſuſpend your warfare a while.

Mrs. Air. Well, well.

Flaw.

Flaw. And no contradiction, I beg; but be attentive and polite to each other as people of fashion would be; you may renew hostilities, and make up for lost time, as soon as you are out of the house.

Mrs. Air. Why, how is it my fault, Mr. Flaw?

Air. Nor shall it be mine; for man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudish I own; by ourselves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amusement enough---Tom Tetty of our town used to say—his wife was a Devonshire girl, if I am not mistaken, from Plymouth; where, by the by, they have the best John Dories in England---Old Quin, one summer, went thither on purpose---

Flaw. And if, Mr. Aircastle, you would contract your conversation a little---to be sure your manner is pleasing, and full of instruction, but as we meet upon business---

Air. I believe you are right, Mr. Flaw. Come, my love, let us shew him how polite we can be if we please—Dear Mrs. Aircastle, how I admire your taste—these here skirts of the boy's are so light and genteel, and so airy—

Mrs. Air. True; I am happy, my dear, that I have your approbation---these we got made in the country, trapes and dangle like a parcel of petticoats.

Air. Right, my love; for all the world juſt like a ſpider, nothing but legs---a mere couple of ſtilts; and then that top to his wig---my dear child---

Mrs. Air. Gives a faſhionable turn to his face, and then adds to the height.

Air. It has indeed, my ſoul, a prodigious happy effect---a block, popping out of a hair cutter's window up two pair of ſtairs in the Strand; and then that bunch at his back---

Flaw. Huſh, here comes the lady.

SCENE III.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'm.

This, Madam, is the family for whom I told you I had ſo warm an affection, and this the young gentleman whoſe alliance I recommend for Miſs.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Toby.

Mrs. Flee. I make no doubt, Madam, but my niece will think herſelf happy in an union with ſo accompliſhed a perſon.

Air. Why, as to that, Toby, Mrs.---- What is the gentlewoman's name?

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'm.

Air. I recollect, Madam, going ſome years ago with one of that name in the ſtage-coach to York---we were overturned about a mile beyond Newark---the parſon of the pariſh---

he

he became afterwards a prebend of Worceſter, in the room of old Walter Wench'em, who was caſt in a ſuit of *crim. con.* by Sir Timothy Tallyho, remarkable for the beſt pack of hounds in the country.

Mrs. Air. For heaven's ſake, Mr. Aircaſtle.

Flaw. Have a care, you have forgot.

Air. I am dumb.

Mrs. Flee. Pray, Madam, has the young gentleman travelled.

Mrs. Air. Who, Toby?

Air. Why, Madam, I did once intend--- but Sir Roger Ramble, who I am told will be ſtrongly oppoſed next election for the borough of Barnſtable, by Sir Walter Win'em, who during the whole time of Sir Robert Walpole's adminiſtration—

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I beg pardon, but the lady directed the queſtion to me---

Air. True, my angel; and I am ſure nobody can give a better anſwer than dear Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. You are very polite.

Air. But I was willing to ſave you the trouble, my ſoul.

Mrs. Air. I ſhall think it no trouble to ſatisfy the lady's enquiries.

Mrs. Flee. Nay, it was a matter of curioſity only; there is, beſides, an elegance, a *je ne ſçai quoi* in your ſon's air, that is rarely acquired in this country.

Mrs. Air. Did not I tell you, the prodigious power of grace. Pray, Madam, is the young lady at home.

Mrs. Flee. Juſt lain down for a little; the change of climate has given her a ſlight indiſpoſition; but a few days, I dare ſay, will reſtore her.

Mrs. Air. Miſs, I preſume, has a phyſician.

Air. Phyſician, my life, for a little ſea ſickneſs---why Doctor Diet, at Margate, who by the by intends to ſettle in London; his aunt, Major Mortar's widow, who was killed by a bomb at the taking of Goree---Tom Truant, an old ſchoolfellow of mine was cloſe by his ſide---Tom Tru---

Mrs. Air. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, what has this to do with the young lady's illneſs.

Air. I was coming to that, my ſoul; if you will let me---I don't know, it happens in general, nobody is better bred than Mrs. Aircaſtle; but to-day ſhe won't let me bring out a word---ſo, Madam, Tom Truant, as I---

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I muſt interrupt you.

Air. You muſt!

Mrs. Air. I can't ſuffer it upon this lady's account.

Air. It was for her ſake, my ſoul, I was ſpeaking---ſo, Madam, Tom Tru---

Mrs.

Mrs. Air. If you perſiſt, I ſhall quit the houſe, I aſſure you.

Air. Quit the houſe!

Mrs. Air. This very inſtant.

Air. Zounds, Madam! if you come to that, you may go to the---

Mrs. Air. Any where to get rid of your abſurd---

Air. For that matter, you can't be more willing than me.

Mrs. Air. Then, Madam, I take my leave.

Air. When you will---this lady and I can eaſily ſettle matters without you---ſo, Madam---as I was ſaying, Tom---

Flaw. For heavens ſake, Sir---Mrs. Air-caſtle be calm; when things are juſt bringing to bear---

Air. All I meant was for the ſervice of Miſs---

Flee. Very obliging, indeed; I ſhould be very ſorry if any difference ſhould ariſe on my Niece's account; beſides, her illneſs is ſo trifling, that the young Gentleman may, if he pleaſes, ſtep into the other room to enquire after her health---

Mrs. Air. Toby will be very happy I am ſure; you ſee, Madam, what the lad is.

Flee. A moſt agreeable youth, I muſt own; and then his ſilence is a modeſt mark of his merit.

Air.

Air. Do you hear that, Mrs. Aircaſtle?

Mrs Air. Yes; and hope it will make a proper impreſſion on you.----You, doubtleſs, know the taſte of your Niece; may we hope that Toby has any chance of ſucceeding.

Flee. She was prodigiouſly pleaſed with Mr. Flaw's account of his parents---which indeed I now find to be true in every reſpect.

Air.
Mrs. Air. } Oh, Madam---

Flee. And as to fortune, ſhe is totally careleſs in that, her own being much more than ſufficient,

Air. What a generous manner of thinking---Miſs Patty Plumb of Jamaica did the very ſame; they ſay her grandfather was tranſported---

Mrs. Air. But as to his figure, Madam, do you apprehend it will ſtrike her---Toby, hold up your head.

Flee. I can ſee no reaſon againſt it; indeed, the young gentleman has rather a fairer complexion than what ſhe has been commonly uſed to; the natives of India, from their climate, have rather a ſallower hue.

Mrs. Air. True, Madam.

Flee. But, if neceſſary, that may be eaſily altered by art; ſome ſaffron or ſnuff, juſt ſkimm'd over his face.

Mrs. Air. Quickly.

Air,

Air. Take my box; it may be done in an inſtant.

Flee. Their hair too, is moſt commonly dark; but a little German blacking here on each of the eyebrows---

Toby. If burnt cork will do, I have one here in my pocket.

Air. Mr. Flaw, will you ring for a candle.

Flee. There is no neceſſity now; we have been obliged to ſhut out the light, as her eyes are rather tender and weak, with looking ſo long on nothing but water.

Mrs. Air. True, Madam; well Madam, we will detain you no longer---I am ſure it is impoſſible to ſay how much we are obliged ----you may rely upon it, we ſhall ever be grateful.

Flee. I don't in the leaſt doubt it---Mr. Flaw has, I preſume, hinted my ſituation.

Mrs. Air. Moſt minutely---Mr. Aircaſtle has prepared the depoſite----you have the needful.

Air. All but five hundred pounds, which you may have in the evening; I lent it juſt now to a---the ſtory will make you laugh, I am ſure; as I was going out Colonel ------ commanded laſt war---

Mrs. Air. Is this a time for a ſtory.

Flaw. Fie; diſpatch, Mr. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. Here all the bills are.

Flaw.

Flaw. Nay; hold a little, I beg; this you know is a kind of compact, there are conditions to be performed on both sides; therefore the money ſhould, I think, be lodged in neutral hands, till the material point is complied with.

Mrs. Air. There is no occaſion.

Flee. I can have no objection, I am ſure; where then ſhall we place it?

Mrs. Air. Mr. Flaw is a friend to both parties---

Air. True; the propereſt man in the world.

Flee. I am not quite ſo certain of that. [*Aſide*

Air. There, there the bills are, Mr. Flaw.

Mrs. Air. Now we will leave Toby and the lady together.

Air. Toby, don't forget to deliver the preſents.

Toby. I have them here in a box.

Air. Mind your wits, my good lad; I wiſh we had time tho' to doctor his fate againſt the next meeting; I will do it myſelf --I will manage that matter I warrant---I learnt the art laſt autumn of a parcel of ſtrollers; they had been playing, during the dog-days, with one Foote in this town---a fellow, they ſay, takes people off, and---

Mrs. Air. Nay, Mr. Aircaſtle, come along I beſeech you.

Air. Well, well; you are always in ſuch a damnable hurry.

Flee. Mr. Flaw; you are not going, I hope, becauſe I wanted juſt to ſpeak a few words---

Flaw. I ſhall be back in a minute.

[*Ex.* Flaw, *Mr. and Mrs.* Aireaſtle.

Flee. This, Sir, this is the door; tread ſoftly.

Toby. Had not I better pull off my ſhoes?

Flee. No occaſion for that. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes. Marianne in Bed.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'm *and* Toby.

Flee. This way; your hand---Letty, my dear, the young gentleman I mentioned to you this morning, begs juſt to enquire after your health---there, I will leave you together ---ſhe is in the bed at the upper end of the room---I make no doubt, Sir, but you will behave with proper decorum. [*Exit.*

Toby. If you are afraid, you need not go out of the room---The place is as dark as a dungeon---upper end of the room; and how the deuce ſhould I know which that is in the night. I can tell you, I ſhould be a good deal frightened to be ſo much in the dark, but it is well enough in the day, when one is about to make love; becauſe why, one is not ſo baſhful and ſhy, one can ſee to ſpeak ones mind with more boldneſs and courage;

than in the light---me, Miſs; I thought ſhe had ſpoke; may be not---If I could but get hold of the curtains—the beſt way will be to creep cloſe by the wall---then I ſhall be ſure to---Miſs---Miſs.

Mar. Who be dat dere.

Toby. I---dat dere; one may find out by her tongue ſhe is a foreigner----I am pretty right now, I believe; what, Miſs, are you ſick?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. But you are better, I hope?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. I am glad on't; then I ſuppoſe, Miſs, if you pleaſe, I may begin to make love?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Yes; gad I think it is ready made to my hands; did the gentlewoman, Madam your aunt, ſay any thing about and concerning of me?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Is it a ſecret?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Oh, then it would not be manners to ax; well Miſs, I hope you ben't averſe to the match?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Adzooks then, we are all off in an inſtant; what, Miſs, I ſuppoſe you ben't willing to have me?

Mar.

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Oh, then we are on again as before --then I may produce, I believe---I have brought you, Miſs, ſome curioſities, by way of preſentation, here in my pocket;--will you pleaſe to accept?---

Mar. Yes.

Toby. Here, then, I offer them up to the ſhrine of thy beauty; may I crave leave to kiſs your lily white hand?

Mar. Yes.

Toby On my knees let me thank you, faireſt creature---her ſkin is vaſt ſoft---they be wonderful pretty things I have brought you---a'n't you mighty curious to ſee them?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. May I draw the curtain a bit, only juſt to give you a glimpſe?

Mar. Yes.

Toby. ſo I will—I ſhould be glad to take a peep at her too; ſhe is mighty agreeable body; does not talk much, indeed, but is vaſt ſenſible, whatever ſhe ſays---this, I believe, is the ſtring—I wonder if ſhe is as handſome as Betſey Bloſſom---gad, if ſhe is, Miſs Bloſſom muſt look out for ſomebody elſe I can tell her---that's high enough I believe ---that there thing in the leather caſe is a watch; if you touch the nob that juts out, it ſtrikes all the world like a clock; Mother has one, but then him is as big as a warm-

ing pan; perhaps, Miſs, you mayn't find the trick out, I'll ſhew you—hey! what is this? Lord have mercy on me, ſhe is turned all of a ſudden as black as a crow—ſure as can be a judgment for forſaking poor Betſey.

Mar. Maſſa, won't you come here?

Toby. Not I.

Mar. I come to you.

Toby. The devil you will; you muſt run pretty faſt then—keep off me—holloa houſe; ſtop the black thing that is hard at my—

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.

Flee. The rude puppy had like to have run over me; what is the meaning—Ha, the curtain drawn up; nay then—Marianne, who opened the window?

Mar. Little Maſſa; to ſhew me de tick, tick—

Flee. Fool, did not I tell you—but it was my own fault to truſt ſuch an ideot; go, get out of my ſight.

[*Exit Mar.*

Enter Flaw.

Flaw. What the deuce is the matter? Toby is ſcampered down the ſtreet as if he had a legion of—

Flee. Matter! why he has diſcovered the wench.

Flaw. S'death; I told you the folly of truſting theſe---we ſhall all be blown up in an inſtant---I ſaw the mother ſtop her chariot at the ſight of the whelp; ſo I ſuppoſe we ſhall have her back in a---

Flee. Ay; then ſomething muſt be ſuddenly done.

Flaw. Done, but what!---I'll run after the boy and hear his account of the matter.

Flee. Stay; had not you better, Mr. Flaw, juſt leave with me Mr. Aircaſtle's depoſite.

Flaw. Pooh! time enough; is this a ſeaſon to ſettle accounts? [*Exit.*

Flee. So; I ſuppoſe he will march off with the money at laſt; I would have done as much if I could have touched it.

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. Dear Madam, I am in the utmoſt confuſion; I am afraid that wild boy has miſbehaved himſelf in ſome manner or other---

Flee. A little miſtake, Madam; but I proteſt my niece is ſo terrified, that ſhe is unable to give me any account.

Mrs Air. Some rude prank of his, I dare ſay; I never could get his father---

Enter

Enter Colonel Gorget.

Col. The houſe is in ſuch a confuſion, that I can't get any body to give me an anſwer---Mrs. Aircaſtle!

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Colonel Gorget! who thought of meeting you here?

Col. An odd affair; but this lady, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Fleece'em, will be ſo kind to explain it. A pretty young lad, an enſign of mine, has, I am afraid, been tricked out of a large ſum of money by one Flaw—a fellow of very bad fame.

Mrs. Air. How? Flaw---

Col. Under the pretence of gaining promotion by this lady's aſſiſtance.

Flee. Mine, Sir! I promiſe you this is the firſt mention I ever heard of the matter---

Col. Juſt, Madam, as I ſuſpected; but pray Mrs. Aircaſtle, have you long had the honour of this lady's acquaintance---

Mrs. Air. Acquaintance! Lord, Colonel, I am terrified out of my wits---your ear for a moment.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A note, Madam, which you are deſired directly to read.

Mrs.

Flee. Flaw's hand. [*reads.*] *The game is up---we are blown---make off as faſt as you can.* As matters ſtand, the beſt advice I can take. [*Going off.*

Mrs. Air. Madam, you are not going to leave us?

Flee. Juſt only to enquire how my niece does after her fright; I ſhall be immediately back.

Col. How! Is it poſſible? A capital ſum? good heavens, Madam! And how could you truſt it without conſulting ſome friend?

Mrs. Air. Why, we both thought Mr. Flaw---

Col. Flaw! an infamous---

Enter Mr. Aircaſtle.

Air. Why, what the deuce has been the matter amongſt you? They tell me Toby has been at home, frightened out of his wits; and then directly run out with the waiter and ſome wench or other---I have ſent your Roger in ſearch of the whelp.---Ah, Colonel, are you there?

Col. Came the minute before you.

Air. Well, Colonel, hey, how! What, I ſuppoſe, by being here ſo ſoon, your affair has miſcarried.

Col. You are indeed miſtaken, my good friend.

Mrs. Air. What affair?

Air.

Air. I forgot to tell it you child; of a fine laſs in this town that ſets up her perſon for ſale.

Mrs. Air. How?

Air. And had the modeſty to fix the price to the Colonel at five hundred guineas.

Mrs. Air. Abominable! Can there be ſuch creatures?

Air. Aſk the Colonel, that is all; an infamous harpy.

Col. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, you are here in an error.

Air. Error! why did not you tell me of a line ſhe ſent you?

Col. Very true.

Air. And did not I advance the caſh?

Col. Do I pretend to deny it.

Air. Well then.

Col. Your patience a moment, my dear friend; I gave her the money, it is true.

Air. There, Mrs. Aircaſtle, did not I tell you---

Col. But then, like a woman of honour---

Air. Well---

Col. She told me that ſhe did it, but to try the ſtrength of my paſſion---

Air. Paw, paw---

Col. And ſo immediately returned it again.

Air. Pſhaw! A bam, Mrs. Aircaſtle, don't believe it, my dear.

Col.

Col. To put the matter out of diſpute, I returned it to your lodging directly; when not finding you, I delivered the caſh to your lady.

Air. Indeed!

Col. In the very individual bag that you gave me; and before Maſter Toby your ſon.

Air. Ay, and have you got the money, my dear.

Mrs. Air. Yes, yes, I received it---Was ever woman ſo duped, but this town is full of cozeners. [*Aſide.*]

Col. I am afraid, Mr. Aircaſtle, that it was pretty lucky for you I happened to have the caſh in my hand.

Air. Lucky! I don't underſtand---

Col. Otherwiſe it might have flown with the reſt.

Air. Flown away---

Col. By what Mrs. Aircaſtle has told me, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect you are got into the hands of ſome villainous ſharpers.

Air. How?

Col. Mr. Flaw and his coadjutrix---within ---who's there?---But we ſhall ſoon get the buſineſs explained.

Enter a Servant.

Col. Do you live with the perſon who inhabits this houſe?

Serv. But a very ſhort time.

Col. We wiſh to ſee her here directly—

Serv. She is gone out.

Col. I thought ſo; and her niece too, I ſuppoſe?

Serv. Her niece, Sir!

Col. Ay.

Serv. I know no niece ſhe has.

Air. } How!—
Mrs. Air. }

Col. Juſt as I ſuſpected; now, Sir, do you begin to find what a ſituation you are in.

Air. Then I am totally ruined; I told you, Mrs. Aircaſtle, what would come of your—Martin Moneytrap, of the Minories, was once in the very ſame way; he was taken in by a Portugueſe Jew—

Col. A truce to recrimination, I beg; we have more material buſineſs in hand; let this woman be directly purſued, and endeavour to recover at leaſt a part of—

[O'Flannagan *without*.]

O'Flan. Pray ſtep in a bit if you pleaſe, and refund freely the bill—or, upon my ſoul, I'll make you do me the favour by force.

All. Mrs. Fleece'em.

O'Flan. Yes, yes, it is ſure enough—ſhe overtook me as I met her hard by.

Col. We are obliged to you then for the lady's return.

O'Flan. You may say that---I stopped her just in the nick, as she was slily walking off in a coach---Arrah, put off your hood my dear honey; don't be shame-faced amongst your friends and acquaintance.

Mrs. Flee. Stand off, you rude brute---

O'Flan. Better words, if you please---you wanted to send me to be feathered abroad, so in return I shall beg leave, Madam, to pluck you at home.

Col. No violence to the lady I beg, Sir; she now finds she is detected, and, I dare say, will do every body all the justice she can---and first, Madam, as to the capital sum which you had the address to obtain from this---

Mrs. Flee. What concern have I in the business; the gentleman himself gave it into the possession of Flaw.

Col. Mr. Aircastle.

Air. That's true, I confess---

Col. But, since that, has not the property suffered a transfer?

Mrs. Flee. Not to me; if you doubt it, you may search the house where you please.

Col. Then it has got into worse hands I'm afraid.

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. I see by their confusion my information was right. Not to interrupt you, Madam,

Madam, I ſhould take it as a particular favour if you would immediately return the little note I left in your hands--for I have not a moment to ſpare.

Mrs Flee. Note, Madam! what note? I recollect, indeed, a hymn that you--

Mrs. Sim. Well, Madam, that hymn if you pleaſe.

Mrs Flee. I gave it directly to Flaw, to get a friend of his to ſet it to muſic--

Mrs. Sim. Muſic! Ladies and gentlemen, a bank note, I proteſt.

Col. And pray, Madam, what could induce you to truſt that woman with a bank note?

Mrs. Flee. That ſhe will not readily own; a little earneſt of a much larger bribe, to procure her huſband a living.

Col. How, Madam! I hope your huſband was not appriſed of this application?

Mrs. Sim. The Doctor was totally ignorant; knew nothing about it.

Col. I am very happy to hear it; I ſhould be ſorry to find that a gentleman, whoſe peculiar duty it is to ſuſtain the purity of his profeſſion, ſhould himſelf be the very perſon to ſoil it; or that an office of ſo ſacred a nature, ſhould be ſolicited by ſuch unſanctified means.

Mrs. Sim. I believe my Doctor, Sir, will be hardly ſuſpected; but I have not time to

Madam

ſay more for the preſent; I ſhall be ſtay'd for, and have not a moment to ſpare. [*Exit.*

Col. Let her go; that plunder, however, is fair.

Air. Well, well, but Colonel, notwithſtanding all that you ſay, I have heard there was a bet once made between the patron of a living and one Parſon Plurality---Plurality had been a Preſbyterian---his father keeps a paſtry cook's ſhop in Spring-Gardens; juſt where Cox's Muſeum is; who, they tell me, will get deviliſh rich by his lottery---

Col. But if we don't uſe ſome diſpatch, I am afraid you will get deviliſh poor.

Air. That's true enough, as you ſay---Oh, here is Roger.

Enter Roger.

Well, did you find out where Toby is.

Roger. Yes, yes, I found un out; and in ſweet company too.

Mrs. Air. Company!

Roger. A clergyman, Betſy Bloſſom, and our waiter at home.

Air. Zounds! I hope the boy is not married.

Roger. No; but they would have been if I had not come juſt in the nick to fetch him away.

Air. Where is he?

Roger. In a ſhop at the corner---I wanted un to ſtep over, but he would not, becauſe why, he ſays as how the houſe is haunted.

Air.

Air. There was the manor-house in the parish of Paddington, Mrs. Aircastle, you may remember it formerly like enough, belonged to the Jessups, but by the marriage of the heiress with one of the Hasslewoods——

Col. Come, come, it is a lucky prevention; and to give you a little consolation, I believe I shall be able to recover your money from Flaw.

Mrs. Air. } How Colonel?
Air. }

Col. I took the liberty, by way of prevention, to get him secured for the money received from my ensign.

Air. Indeed!

Col. And, as this affair is of a pretty criminal nature, he will think himself happy to escape by restoring the plunder.

Mrs. Air. My kind Colonel.

Col. I hope, Madam, this will make you amends for your disappointment in the five hundred pounds. [*Aside.*

O'Flan. But what the devil is all this to my bill?

Col. Did this woman receive it?

Mrs. Flee. Flaw had it, but it wants some days of being due.

Col. Then we shall be able to stop the payment at least; it is safe never fear——

O'Flan. That's lucky, however, and by all I can hear, my best way, Mr. Colonel, will

will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

Col. By all means; and by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your ſteps.

O'Flan. Like enough.

Air. And if, Mrs. Aircaſtle, we were to return back again---

Col. It would be the wiſeſt thing you could do.

Mrs. Air. What to vegetate like a parcel of plants.

Air. Ay, Madam; for there are trees that won't bear tranſplanting; they thrive beſt in their natural ſoil.

Col. That is the firſt ſentence I ever heard him finiſh. [*Aſide.*] Well obſerved.---You, Madam, [*to* Mrs. Fleece'em] till you have made all the ſatisfaction you can, muſt be contented to ſuffer a little confinement, after which, unleſs your country ſhould have ſome other call upon you, you may diſpoſe of yourſelf as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Flee. I am detected, diſtreſſed and muſt therefore ſubmit; but, gentlemen, if all who have offended like us, were like us produced to the public, much higher names would adorn the Old Bailey Chronicle than thoſe of poor Fleece'em and Flaw.

FINIS.

will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

Col. By all means; and by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your steps.

O'Flan. Like enough.

Mr. And it, Mrs. Aircastle, we were to return back again—

Col. It would be the wisest thing you could do.

Mrs. Air. What to vegetate like a parcel of plants.

Air. Ay, Madam; for there are trees that won't bear transplanting; they thrive best in their natural soil.

Col. That is the first sentence I ever heard him finish. [Aside.] Well observed.—You, Madam, [to Mrs. Fleece'em] till you have made all the fat faction you can, must be contented to suffer a little confinement, after which, unless your country should have some other call upon you, you may do pole of yourself as you please.

Mrs. Flee. I am detected, disfigured and must therefore submit; but, gentlemen, if all who have offended like us, were like us produced to the public, much higher names would adorn the Old Bailey Chronicle than those of poor Fleece'em and Flaw.

FINIS.